

Expecting to emigrate the following year with the balance of the family, when sickness came upon them, and they lost one of their children, which, by the way, was born after my leaving home. Consequently neither I nor my brother ever saw it. Although being born of Mormon parents it was denied the privilege of lying in the grave yard, except in an obscure corner by itself. Although but a little child it was considered too wicked to be buried by the side of Christians.

This delayed the gathering of the family until the year 1868 when they emigrated, one adult besides their own family and also assisted several others, arriving in Utah, Sept. 15th 1868 together with about five hundred saints, and I can truly say "Thank God my Heavenly Father." Although separated as we had been, and coming at three different times, the Lord preserved us in our journeyings, all to meet again in Zion and enjoy each others company for a season. Our dear parents were privileged to go to the House of the Lord to be sealed for time and eternity and to receive the blessings therein promised, before laying their bodies in the silent tomb where they now peacefully sleep side by side in the great city of the dead in Salt Lake City Cemetery.

May we all meet again in the morning of the first resurrection.

A. W. B.